

Insanity Prone

by Zombiel4Slayer

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Summary: Join me, a group of my friends, and some old Halo favorites to find the way back to the past! This is gonna be one LONG trip!

Rated T for language and MAYBE a suggestive them or two!

Bow-Chika-Bow-Wow!

1. Chapter 1

Hello boys, girls, and Grunts! This will be my first (But not last) FanFiction for Halo! I hope that this is easy to get caught up in, and I won't run out of ideas! Let's get started.

****Chapter 1: Introduction to the Madness.****

I sat in my 8th period Science class, slowly dying. Not because of any alien attacks, that comes later. No, ladies and gentleman, what was slowly killing me, rotting my insides, was boredom. I could FEEL my I.Q dropping as Mrs. Addleman walked about the room, helping people with their work. My friend Jhonathan sat behind me, and I was turned talking to him, because we had finished our work about twenty minutes ahead of the rest of our class.

"Oh my god, can you BELIEVE her?" I sighed, watching Emily gossip with her friends. She may not LOOK to bright, but she could outwit anyone and out punch most of the guys. She was talking to Cheyene when she saw me looking over at her, amazed she could look back at her friends to talk and still have perfect handwriting while copying notes off the board.

"Hiii Joshyyy!" She called across the room at me, turning my face red at the nickname. Cherokee looked over, drawn by the promise of annoying me further. This was commonplace by now, and it drew a grin to my face to see them so eager, even if it WAS to annoy me. J.T also looked over to me, but didn't say anything. THAT surprised me. He normally called at me in the halls, the Cafeteria, and even the restrooms. It was new to have him be so quiet. Even disturbing. Anyways, back to Cherokee.

"Hi Chris!" She called, waving frantically, even though I was sitting right across the row from her. That was her nickname for me. Chris. Don't ask me where she got that name out of Josh, but I kind of liked it. I only got mad about my nicknames when people outside of my friendly circle called me by them. Except for Sassquatch. Everyone called me that. Seeing as how my last name is Sass, I stand six feet three inches, and have dark brown hair; it wasn't a shock to me to have people call me by this tag. It was better than my REAL name, in my opinion. There are about fifty Josh's in my school, but only ONE Sassquatch. It allowed me to stand out, which led to my brand of sarcastic humor.

I sighed heavily and dramatically, then looked over to the two girls who were now grinning from ear to ear at me. "Hi, guys." I said in mock exasperation. They laughed, knowing it was all in good fun. I leaned back in my chair, smiling. A very small atomic explosion then rudely interrupted my happy thoughts of how it was almost the end of the school day, as well as screaming as two Elites stepped out of an Inter-Dimensional Loop Hole [I.D.L.H] at the front of the classroom.

****CLIFFHANGER! Gonna go get Vaccinated against the flu, wish me luck!****

****(I HATE needles!)****

2. Chapter 2

What's up, you guys. Gunna try to knock off another chapter. I seriously hope SOMONE is reading this, because having no reviews really discourages me. Oh, well let's just get started.

****Chapter 2: Into the Future.****

I got over my initial shock of seeing two fully armored Elite Zealots in my classroom faster than the rest of my classmates. Except for Emily. She had already grabbed a chair and threw it at the Elites, screaming for the people in front of her to duck. The first Elite in red armor brought its Energy Sword around in a precise arc, slicing the chair in two. She flipped her desk over and took cover behind it with a crazy laugh. God, she was violent, but that's what made her a good person to hang around with. Andy Waugh and Austin DuFour had bolted from their seats and grabbed scalpels from a nearby table, ready to attack.

"Josh, catch!" Andy yelled, throwing me one of the small-bladed weapons. It spun once, and I caught it just as Emily picked up another chair. "Aim for the eyes and mouth!" He called as an afterthought. I swung my legs over my desk and jumped on the one in front of me, ready for action. Then I realized something. THE ROOM WAS EMPTY! Everyone had bolted down the hall screaming except for Andy, Austin, Jhonny, Emily, and me. But let's not forget the two Elites, who were standing side by side looking particularly pissed at Emily. I threw her and Jhonny both a scalpel, and we charged the Elite Zealots in the order of Emily, then Andy and Austin, and me and Jhonny running up the sides of the classroom. Emily and I got to the enemies first, bringing our weapons around with deadly accuracy. The Elites dropped, scalpels embedded in the eyeholes of their

armor.

"Nice throw." I complemented Andy, noticing the other scalpel in the second Elite's forehead. "Good thing they didn't have Energy Shielding." I said, thinking of how much harder it would have been to take them down if they had. Andy and Jhonny nodded their assent.

"Ummmâ€¦. WHAT WAS THAT?" Emily screamed at us, pointing to the fallen Zealots. "I wish I knew Emily, but I don't." I said, bending to inspect the Elites. The portal they came through started to spark, but I was too busy examining the Energy Swords to notice. The I.D.L.H started to expand, throwing ghastly shadows across the room. I only noticed the portal was about to hit us when Emily screamed. I looked up in time to see the electric blue sparks flying and the portal looking like the gaping maw of a nightmarish creature before we all (Including the Elites) were all pulled into it, leaving nothing but overturned desks and scattered papers behind in the wake of the first alien encounter we would have on our long, hard journey.

****Another cliffhanger! I really suck, don't I? Oh well, until next time!****

3. Chapter 3

What's up guys? So sorry it took so long to update, but hey, I just bought the first Gears of War, and it's AWESOME! Anyway, let's continue with the story, shall we?

****Chapter 3: Welcome to Reach.****

I was the third one to wake up. I lifted my head without any major difficulty, so I figured that nothing was broken. I sat up, and saw Emily and Jhonny staring over the cliff we were on. The trees looked blackened and twisted, as well as the grass. Don't ask me how grass managed to burn and twist up on itself; it just did. Emily had her hand over her mouth, and Jhonny was looking bleakly at the horizon. Andy and Austin were still unconscious, but they were coming to. Then I noticed two other people sitting on the ground behind a tree. Kyle and Trey, two more of my friends from school. They looked battered but alive.

"Where the hell are we?" I complained, rubbing the back of my head to shake grass out of it. "Yeah, about as close to Hell as you can get." Jhonny said, still staring straight ahead. I got up and walked as close to the edge as was comfortable, (Did I mention I was afraid of heights?) and gasped. A once beautiful city was now in ruins, the skyscrapers heaps of tons and tons of twisted metal and huge slabs of glass. Fires raged across what appeared to be the suburbs of the city; all that remained there was the black patches where homes used to stand. It was decrepit, but it still looked too advanced to be from our time. Then the realization hit me.

"Guys, I think we're on Reach." I mumbled, feeling my face numb the way it does when I feel dread or great suspense. It was both factors this time.

"What? Reach? What's Reach?" Emily said, while everyone else blanched to the color of skim milk. She hadn't played video games back home,

but everyone else had. They knew what that meat and how it could be the end of us.

Once we explained it to Emily, Andy, and Austin, who had just woken up, they all had eyes as big as the sun in the sky. Now we just had to stay alive long enough to find help.

We had a plan to camp on the ridge that nights, fearing the Covenant were still on the planet. We didn't know the exact date, so we couldn't be sure if the war was in progress, over, or being rebuilt from the after effects of the war. I established a list of "Do's and Don'ts" for our stay on this planet. It is as follows:

Do:

together. Separation from the group means death.

Covenant. That rule speaks for itself.

Spartans and Marines.

Don't:

any loud noises. This could break 2 and 3 of the Do list.

OFF.

the rules.

I asked if anyone had objections to my rules, and no one did. Andy said we should look for weapons in the morning, along with supplies and ammunition for our guns. Then Emily spoke up. "Wait. If Spartans and Marines are AGAINST the monsters, shouldn't we look for them? I mean, they could help." It was a good idea in theory, but I had to step up and tell her. "Emily, the Spartan program stole children from their parents and performed advanced surgeries called Augmentations on them. It made them strong, fast, and damn near invincible. Those super strong kids grew up to be Spartans." I paused, letting that cruel reality settle in.

"If the Spartans or Marines catch wind of us, they'll round us up like cattle, perform Augmentations on us, and never let us go, right?" Kyle said, speaking for the first time since we got here. "Yep. That pretty much sums it up." I said, and from that moment on no one questioned that we should avoid Spartans and Marines. I admit, the situation seemed bleak. I told everyone to get some rest, and we all crawled up to the small fire we made as the night rolled in. The first night on Reach passed slowly, but little did I know we were about to strike proverbial gold.

4. Chapter 4

What's up, everybody? I've been getting requests from a friend to put her in my story. So, here we go! Sorry if the transition doesn't make sense!

****Chapter 4: Cherokee.****

I leaned against the barrel of my Sniper Rifle. We had stumbled upon a mound of weapons lying inside a crate, and had taken what we wanted. Hey, can you blame us? Anyway, I was equipped with a shot gun and sniper rifle, Andy had a machine gun and pistol, Austin had just a brute shot, (which we had found laying in a puddle of blood.), Kyle had a torn-off turret with a pack of ammo, (We realized we had become incredibly strong and fast.), Trey had a DMR and pistol, and Emily and Jhonny shotguns.

After acquainting ourselves with the weapons by learning to reload and fire them, we heard a girl screaming. "Wait. Was thatâ€|?" I trailed, knowing full well that it was. "Cherokee!" We all yelled in unison, sprinting at full speed to the sound of the girl screaming herself hoarse. We arrived in a plaza, facing the back of an Elite Commander. Cherokee was cornered, and the Elite had an energy sword. Emily fired at the thing, but that only weakened its Energy Shields by a fragment. It turned and roared a challenge as Cherokee got up and ran behind our line we had formed in front of the Elite.

"You okay?" Jhonny asked, as Cherokee nodded her head to signal she was. I fired, but the shot bounced off the thing's shield and embedded in my arm. "Gah! Damnit! What IS this thing?" I screamed, backing away as it swung its sword at me. "It's called The Swinger. At least, I call it that because of the swordâ€|" Cherokee trailed off, staring at the flickering blade of Energy. "Okay, here's what we do. We fall back to the ledge, recuperate, and come back." I said, backing up. Swinger roared and brought its blade up to Cherokee's head. I pulled her back just in time, but heard a sharp and loud hiss, like when you drop a steak on a barbeque. When we got back to the cliff, having lost the Elite, I noticed that Cherokee was turning her head, as if she couldn't hear out of her left ear. When I asked her about it, she said that she in fact COULDN'T hear out of that ear, and when she turned her head, I saw the horrific reason why. The Elite had chopped off her ear at the base of her head.

Well, hope she likes it. Gunna show it to her fist, then publish.

5. Chapter 5

What's up everybody? I'm being hassled by Cherokee and Swinger to make a new chapter. Yes, Swinger is an actual person. SHE is an actual person. Yes, I'm being hassled by a freakin' GIRL. Oh well, what can ya do? Anyway, Chapter 5, coming up.

Chapter 5: Swinger

Josh's P.O.V.

I grabbed at the bandages covering my arm for the third time today. Shit, how could Energy Shielding rebound a shotgun blast so accurately? Oh well, at least we had better weapons this time. I had found an Energy Sword with a portable charger, (How Handy!), Andy and Austin had Battle Rifles and Frag Grenades, Johnny had found a Spartan Laser (Lucky bastard.), Emily had opted to keep her shotgun, taking ammo from our discarded ones, Kyle and Trey had found Brute Shots, and Cherokeeâ€| wellâ€| was beingâ€|. Cherokee.

"Come ON!" Johnny screamed impatiently for about the 30th time within

ten minutes. I was also beginning to lose my patience with this, as well. In the end, Cherokee decided on about five Plasma Grenades, three Frags, and a Pistol. After we associated ourselves with our new artillery, we moved out to where we had last seen Swinger. (Or as Cherokee now called her, The Grungy Swinger)

Swinger's P.O.V.

The human scum where nowhere to be seen, at least within my sharp vision. I had tracked there scent to a nearby river, and then lost the trail altogether. Later, having given up, one of the Grunts had recommended we contact for 'help'. The insolent little demon! After killing him, I explained, VERY CAREFULLY, to his fellows that I was an Elite to be reckoned with. If the humans returned, I would finish them by myself. I had found the earth girl's ear I had severed with my Sword. It had been cooked thoroughly by the searing Energy of my blade, so, in a show of solidarity, I had EATEN IT. This caused general unrest amongst the Grunts, so I had to kill about seven of them to settle them down. With that done, I applied an Invisibility pack to my armor. I could smell the humans approaching. I ordered the Grunts to go the other way, and cloaked myself to wait out the Demons. Off in the north, I heard Spartans approaching. No matter to me. I would have killed the other humans well before they could arrive. In a matter of minutes, vengeance would be MINE!

6. Chapter 6

Hey guys. Sorry I haven't updated in a while, but with Thanksgiving just a couple days away, I figured I would type a couple chapters anyway. Or at least try to. Fingers crossed!

As we walked through the deserted town, I sensed that something was going to happen, and I wasn't going to like it. Since we had just obtained ammunition substantial enough to sustain us, we had leisurely plowed through a platoon of Grunts that had been marching away from where we were headed. From what I knew about Halo, I figured that The Grungy Swinger's inflated ego had begun to cloud its judgment. Elites were always glory hounds, charging headlong into battle; even at the cost of their lives, to attain a glorious death, which is why the Elites were such a bloodthirsty race of Covenant.

After the very minor battle, we cleaned our weapons and marched on. Aside from a few passing comments on how our shots were being received, we had not spoken. Just as we turned the corner, I gasped in awe. The entire plaza had once been beautiful. Now, smoldering from a Hunter's cannons, metal lay twisted into pretzels, glass was still melting and bubbling. And the Hunters themselves were rooting through the wreckage at their leisure, looking for fresh meat. Then they heard us.

"Oh, SHT!" Cherokee yelled as the bloodstained pair of Hunters turned to us, the spikes on their armor bristling with anticipation. Johnny raised his Spartan Laser, and I pulled my Energy Sword off of its charger (do to the Grunts, I had to recharge it) and raised the overcharge on it to 100 percent. This increased the damage of my swings by tenfold, as well as providing splash damage to anything around me. Including my friends.

"Stay back! Let me handle them, with Johnny providing support with his Laser!" I barked, holding a hand up as Andy stepped forward to bring his Battle Rifle to bear, prompting Austin to do the same. They glared daggers, but I stayed firm until they backed off, leaving me to kill the mountainous monsters. The first Hunter roared and charged, as its partner lowered its Energy Cannon and charged it up. I brought my Sword downward on the first Hunter's exposed neck, slicing through the orange flesh with a sharp hiss and crackle. The Hunter screamed as roiling Plasma slipped into the chinks of its heavy armored skin. I smelt burning flesh and sizzling plasma as the Hunter danced in agony, waving its shield in a desperate attempt to stay balanced. As it failed its futile efforts, its eyes rolled back into its sockets as it fell, dead, to the scorched earth. As I watched, plasma, still searing hot and molten, began to leak from its eyes and armor.

After getting over the initial shock of seeing its companion taken down so easily, the other Hunter roared and lowered its cannon to blast me to bits.

And that's when Johnny decided to fire his Spartan Laser. A red beam of power shot over my shoulder, barely glancing me in the process, and flew past me to bury itself in the Hunter's chest. I then saw a hole appear in a tall tree standing in the middle of the plaza, and the Hunter staggered back, a gaping hole in its chest. I saw internal organs slipping from their rightful position as the Hunter stumbled to a final rest behind its partner. I powered down my Sword and turned to the others who were watching in awe as Johnny lowered the laser to his side once again. The girls looked horrified that we could kill so easily, but after getting over this, Cherokee began ranting about how "Chris and Johnny make an excellent team" and how we "All kick ass so hard". After that, we proceeded to walk into a large plaza with trees (twisted and burnt to a crisp) stood in each corner. There were four ways in and out of it, all of them sidewalks. Graceful pillars still sparkled faintly with dying electricity, throwing light into the corners that permitted none. As we walked into the center of this masterpiece of architecture, however, I saw something that chilled me to the core. A shimmer, brief but unmistakable, shimmered brilliantly in the fading light on the other end of the plaza, as if a figure was turning to us, and was waiting for our first move. I raised a hand to signal everyone to stop as Swinger shimmered into existence, leaving all hopes of escape extinguished.

Cherokee whimpered at the sight of the Elite. I understood her fear completely. Swinger stood at about seven feet tall, which was enough to intimidate even Johnny and I. She was a horrible shade of red, dark and thick, just like blood falling from a wound in the battlefield. Her eyes were a similar color, only lighter, so I could see them crinkle slightly, as if she had smelt something unpleasant.

Swinger's POV

The humans had taken longer than anticipated to reach my location. The Spartans I had sniffed out were only blocks away and closing fast. No more messing around. Have to deal with them before Nobel Team arrives. I should have enough time to do the deed and re-cloak myself before they arrive if I act now.

Josh's POV

I stood in front of the Elite, wondering why it hadn't moved yet, when it struck. Its sword leapt into reality from its holder and threw itself at Cherokee with a sharp hiss as it seemed to burn the air. Cherokee bounced on the heels of her feet, performing three mid-air flips to land behind me. I risked turning around to look at her.

"Hmmm. Ten out of ten for me." I said, holding up both of my hands with the fingers all splayed outwards to show her my score. "Shut up!" She laughed, as we turned back to the Elite. Then, as quickly as the silence had come, it was shot straight to hell as a figure that had appeared behind Swinger fired its Sniper Rifle at Swinger's head. The bullet bounced off, and Swinger hissed and swung around. I saw her eyes go wide, and she turned and fled through the west way out of the plaza. I turned to thank him, but when I did, I recognized, with a horrified gasp, that he was wearing armor. Spartan armor.

**END! Whew, glad that's over and done with! Anyway, I wish you all a happy Thanksgiving and an even better weekend! **

Happy Holidays from Zombiel4Slayer.

7. Chapter 7

Hey everyone. Sorry for the lack of update, but I've been busy with Scouts and all. Now with Christmas break and New Year's comes at LEAST 2 new chapters. I'm putting in more characters soon, ready for slight confusion of plot?

I took one horrified step back as I realized I was looking into the visor of Jun, of Noble Team. He still had the Sniper Rifle raised, but not pointed at us. He had it aimed to where the grisly Elite had vanished to, and was staring down the scope, hoping for another shot at its head. When he realized there would be no such luck, he lowered the weapon and turned to us. He spoke in his odd accent, "What are you kids doing here?" We all just stood there, staring the Spartan down, until four other humanoid shapes took up position behind him. I instantly noticed that it was the remainder of Noble Team, from Carter to Noble Six. This meant that either they had not gotten to their deaths yet, or we were being hassled by very solid-looking ghost.

"Who are these kids? What are they doing here?" Kat murmured in her thick Russian accent. "That's what I've been trying to figure out. They were engaged with a pretty high-ranking Elite, I couldn't identify the energy Shield type. The armor was very different from anything we've seen as well. I scared it off, but it could come back."

"Ok, that settles it. You're all coming with us." Carter said in an authoritative tone. "Oh, yeah? Eat me." I spat, turning on my heel and walking away. "Your kind is NOT getting a hold on ANY of us. We know what Spartans do. They steal people's futures and give them a one-way trip to an early death." I heard everyone else fall into step behind me, and we moved toward the opposite direction of which Swinger had taken.

I then heard Carter yell at us: "If you do not stop, by the order of the UNSC, we are prepared to fire!"

"Do it, faggot! No balls! No balls!" Cherokee taunted over her shoulder. That's when they attacked us. I heard the slow scrape of a trigger against metal, and ordered everyone to move. We dodged the first barrage of bullets, much to Noble's surprise. I turned and ran at Jun, who was firing his sniper at Johnny, only succeeding in wasting ammo. I saw Cherokee up on a table, dancing in circles and taunting Carter and Kat, who were firing their respective weapons at her, missing every time. I was almost to Jun, so I swept my hands against my belt, grabbed my pistol out of its holster, and swung my hand in an arch, plowing the butt of the pistol into his visor. I heard a substantial *crack!* And Jun fell to the ground, clutching his face and screaming. I looked over to see Johnny helping Cherokee take out Carter and Kat, while everyone else took Jorge, Emile, and Noble Six. After everyone was on the ground, and we were sure they would stay there for a while, we moved on, heading for the Evacuation Site to get help and rescue.

Sorry it was so short, but I'll write and update by tomorrow, promise.

****Zombiel4Slayer****

8. Chapter 8

What's up everyone? I'm going to be updating like a bi%*& over break, so let's get right to it.

Chapter 8

"Sooo, what now?" Cherokee asked, attempting to break the silence that had overtaken our group as we walked slowly and leisurely to the evacuation zone.

"We keep trying to find people who don't want to turn us into super-human ass holes, that's what." I said over my shoulder at her.

She turned and started talking to Johnny and Emily while we walked, and I resorted to my little clique of friends including but not limited to: Andy, Austin, Kyle, and Trey. Austin and I were switching perverted puns as we walked.

"Wow, look at that huge stick!" Austin yelled, pointing to a large tree that had toppled into a building. "Almost as big as mine!" I chortled, and we broke off laughing. Then, off in the distance, I heard something.

WUB WUB WUB WUB WUB

"Someone has their boom box pumped to the max out there somewhere." Cherokee joked. We continued walking, aware that the sound was coming closer. When I finally couldn't stand the suspense any longer, I grabbed a pair of binoculars from a kiosk nearby us and looked through them to our south. To see a line of Falcons flying towards us with the guns pointed down on us, manned by Marines.

"Oh, fuck me till' I cry." I said exasperatedly as the Falcons swerved to match our course. "Maybe they're just heading for the evac-SHIT!" Emily was rudely cut off by the fact that Noble Team was now jumping from the Falcons to land in our path and the Falcons began firing. Noble then recovered the Mongooses from the low-flying aircraft and gave chase.

We ran. Sprinting just mere feet ahead of the Falcons and dodging bullets with micrometers to spare, we ran. We had long since gotten out of the crowd of skyscrapers, into a more rural area. The Spartans behind us were situated so they could drive the Mongooses and still shoot at us. I then had an idea. A totally crazy, fucked up idea. "GET INTO THE NEAREST STORE!" I bellowed to be heard over the roar of the machine guns. We ducked into a store, shutting and locking the door behind us. I heard the Falcons continue pat, with the Spartans close behind. I then heard something I would never expect to hear in this situation. Laughing. More specifically, Austin laughing. I whipped around to see what he was laughing about in this horrible time, and face palmed. We had wandered into a sex shop full of, ahem, "toys" and, ahem, "games" for the "older age group". I had to chuckle a bit to myself as well. DuFour and I were notorious for being perverted animals back in school. As we walked toward the back exit, I saw a hand dart out from the throng of people behind me and snatch something off of a shelf. I turned to see who it was, but everyone had the same perverted grin on their faces, and I couldn't tell what that person had grabbed.

As we set up camp, I saw everyone around the fire, holding something and grinning. I looked over their shoulders to see what it was, and just slowly shook my head. Someone had grabbed a box of Strip Poker cards and about ten pairs of furry handcuffs.

Something is wrong with these people.

All done with chapter 8, so I'll be updating as soon as I can. Also, Merry Christmas or Happy Haunika or whatever you people celebrate this time of year from Zombiel4Slayer!

:D

9. Chapter 9

Hi you guys! I'm not even sure if anyone's reading this anymore, but it's been bothering me that this story's gone unattended. So, here we go!

After we had eaten our breakfast consisting of scavenged stale cereal in a local grocery store, we continued towards the evacuation site. We were almost there when we ran into a literal pile of Grunts. As in a pile of about a hundred or so dead Grunts in the middle of a plaza about 10 yards from the evacuation zone.

"Well, Nobel's been through here already." I said, kneeling to inspect the round holes in each of the monster's foreheads. The grunts hadn't stood a chance against the Spartans, and they must have quickly moved along after the slaughter.

"We have to keep moving anyway, even if they're nearby we still can't stop going forward now." Austin said, for once being the serious mind

in the group. Everyone nodded his or her assent, and we continued on.

We had made it to the zone after an uneventful walking trip. The evac zone was scattered with the last few survivors unlucky enough to find themselves at the back of the pack. We got odd looks, straggling into the evacuation zone a few days or weeks after the last survivors trickled in. One Marine, who you have to admit, had balls of at LEAST steel, swaggered up to us and started barking questions and orders to surrender our weapons.

After the scuffle, the Marine, whose voice now resembled Mickey Mouse's, limped away to the group of other Marines who were laughing at his misfortune. Cherokee glared at his back, her foot still covered in a little bit of blood from planting it in his groin at about 50 mph. Needless to say, the next Marine to come up to us was a woman.

"What are you kids doing? Playing solider?" She teased. I quickly decided it was time to establish how we got where we were now.

After my rant, the Marine walked away, her eyes glazed with surprise and almost anger at being chewed out by a 15 year old, and went to tell the other Marines what she had heard. No one bothered us again after that little outburst.

We waited about ten more minutes before the transports arrived. Big, clunky things that were designed for effectiveness, not comfort. The marines began barking orders as they piled the others into the transports, while we hung back and watched the road leading to the evac zone. I thought I saw a shimmer for a moment near an exploded shop, but then dismissed it as the sun in my eyes as we walked to the other transport where the Marines directed us.

"Do you guys find it odd that we just got put in a different transport than all the other people? And that our transport is going a different direction than the others?" Andy worried as we stood near the front of the Falcon, away from the gate that concealed part of the sky from our view.

"Stop worrying, Andy" Kyle said to the blonde "The Falcons split up to keep the Covenant from following both of them, and the other Falcon was full of survivors so we wouldn't all fit." He reasoned, almost assuring all of us that we were in no danger. Almost, but I noticed that we were all cleaning our weapons and holstering extra clips. Best to be safe then sorry, I suppose.

About an hour later, I felt a steady drop in the pit of my stomach, and we all stood as the Falcon descended onto an outstretched Helipad protruding from the side of what appeared to be Sword base from the campaign. We all cocked our weapons as the hanger door dropped to expose about ten Marines, six (gulp) Spartans, and a woman wearing a lab coat the only a blind man wouldn't recognize from the earlier Halo games, including Reach.

Professor Halsey.

Well, FUCK.

What do you guys think? Am I losing my touch? R&R for more

chapters!

****Zombie14Slayer****

End
file.